MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VIII. MARCH, 1913 No. 1

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TO OUR EIGHTH BIRTHDAY

IT is often more difficult to destroy than to build. Socially, especially, does this hold true. Building the New upon the Old is ephemeral, confusing and often corrupting. The only true process of new building is through the destruction of the old. A most difficult task. It is comparatively easy to graft new ideas and opinions upon the surface of the existing—easy and as futile. But the true revaluation of dominant values necessitates the complete destruction of the latter: the total eradication of hoary tradition, prejudice and indolent acceptance that hold the average mind in the bondage of philistine satisfaction and apathy.

To destroy, to root up must be the main work of every pathfinder. To blaze the way into untrodden paths is his mission. Such destruction is in the truest sense the most constructive effort—and this is the work that has ever inspired MOTHER EARTH and those connected with it.

And now that the magazine enters upon its eighth year, we are determined to continue unabated this constructive destruction. What the coming year may bring none can tell. At best, the labor of the pathfinder is a thankless mission, full of struggle and hardship. We are not deceived in our possibilities. We know that a publication that has neither a political party to boost it, nor is in any other way subsidized, must needs find the road difficult to travel.

Nor are we conceited enough to believe that our magazine has always been at its best, always as insistent and determined in its march forward, as it could have been but for the lack of interest and cooperation of those who might have helped.

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However, we begin the eighth year with renewed vigor and courage, with faith in the understanding and active interest of our growing numbers of comrades and friends, who seek new paths and burn behind them the bridges of an outlived past.

With their aid we shall strive to broaden the reach of the magazine for the coming year, and to increase its revolutionary and educational value. We are planning a series of articles of more than usual worth and interest, among them the publication of the lectures delivered by Comrade Emma Goldman during the last tour: "The Victims of Morality," "The Failure of Christianity," "The Danger of the Growing Power of the Church," "Art and Revolution," "Sex—the Great Element of Creative Work," etc.

We also have in preparation a number of comprehensive reviews of the work of great writers and dramatists like Dostoyevsky, Hauptmann, Strindberg, Synge, and other moderns, as well as a series of essays dealing with the vital questions of the labor movement—Syndicalism, Direct Action, Sabotage.

Our friends and readers who want to help us materialize these plans will considerably aid us by increasing the number of MOTHER EARTH readers. Can we count on you, friends, to interest wider circles in our work and procure for the magazine new subscribers? Our offer of a premium of Emma Goldman's work, ANARCHISM AND OTHER ESSAYS, paper cover, with every new subscription or renewal, holds good till April 1. Besides, our friends can help us directly by renewing their subscriptions in advance. With every 2-year renewal we offer, free, a copy of CONQUEST OF BREAD, by Peter Kropotkin; with a subscription for 3 years, a copy of Brieux's THREE PLAYS; while for every 5-year subscription the premium will be a copy of PRISON MEMOIRS OF AN ANARCHIST, by Alexander Berkman, together with a copy of Brieux's THREE PLAYS.

We are confident that you who appreciate our efforts and value the work of MOTHER EARTH will not delay in aiding our labors.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

WHEN our heart is heavy and the mind skeptically whispers to us that tyranny is constantly finding new ways and more effective methods to further its purpose; that men are growing more slavish and weaker in their resistance to oppression, then a glance at the history of revolutions—those oases in the desert of man's humiliation—never fails to cheer and gladden our spirit.

We find there the assurance and certainty that the advance toward social justice and liberty can never be checked for long, and that the means and aims of realizing it are gaining in clarity and strength with every new uprising and revolt.

In old Rome the slaves, led by Spartacus, rose in rebellion seventy years before the Christian era. Badly armed and provisioned, a chaotic conglomerate from the whole realm, they yet triumphed over the trained legions of the Roman State, and the safety of Rome itself was threatened by their determined onslaughts. Unfortunately friction arose among the various tribes and nationalities, the difficult situation still further aggravated by the spies of Rome, who industriously sowed discord in the army of rebellion, finally to hand it over to the power of Rome, that employed the most barbaric methods to wipe out the uprising.

The Middle Ages witnessed the revolution flame through the various countries of Europe, under the guise of religious movements. But whatever their particular form, the common purpose of them all was the conquest of bread and liberty.

Similarly was this the aim of the French peasants in the *jacquerie* movement of the 14th century. They rebelled against the theft of their lands by the robber knights of the court and of the nobility, and took up arms against the chains of serfdom. They made common cause with the poorer classes of the city population, whom greedy taxation and usury stole the last crust from their very mouths. Thousands were sacrificed in this struggle, and it was only by means of the great French Revolution that the peasant of France finally freed himself from the yoke of feudalism.

Bread and Freedom! Again it was the cry of the

100,000 British peasants who rose on Blackheath Common, near London, under the leadership of Wat Tyler, setting the whole country round aflame with the fire of the insurrection, the rebels successfully attacking the capital of England and holding it in their possession for three weeks. But the treachery of the king and his parliament in holding out empty promises to the rebels, and the murder of Wat Tyler by a courtier, broke down the rebellion.

Tremendous were the peasant uprisings a century later in Germany, Austria, Holland, and Switzerland. The castles and estates of the nobles, without number, were sacked and burned, the red flag waving at the head of many a rebel army.

This time treachery came from the religious reformer, Martin Luther, who at first sided with the peasants, but later craftily made peace with the rulers and vehemently advocated the most cruel treatment of the rebels.

The power of the nobility was finally broken by the French Revolution at the end of the 18th century, to which the Revolution of the American Colonies against England was the prelude. But the poor people of the large cities were already beginning to realize that it was not enough to abolish feudalism; that though the bourgeoisie fought to secure *for itself* political liberty, it was at the same time determined to continue the social and economic oppression of the masses by wage slavery and usury, even with greater intensity and more effectually than was the case under feudalism. Men like Marat, Hebert, and particularly Babeuf understood to some extent the situation. Babeuf headed a conspiracy, whose aim was to proclaim Communism. But the movement was not successful, and Babeuf, with a number of his comrades, was guillotined.

The tendencies of *social* revolution from then on manifested themselves with greater clarity and consciousness, in contrast with the mere political changes which in spite of all representation and franchise brought no radical improvement in the lot of the masses of labor. Social revolutionary tendencies came into strong relief in the June revolution of 1848, but still more definitely in the Paris Commune, proclaimed by the people of the French capital on March 18th, 1871,—in memory of which event these lines are written.

The Commune was defeated two and a half months later by the united international reaction, that slaughtered 30,000 men and women, and imprisoned and banished 10,000 more.

The Commune was an heroic attempt toward a successful Social Revolution. But the social ideas of that time were not sufficiently strong to wipe away the old political traditions. Thus, for example, instead of taking effective revolutionary measures—providing for the needs of the people by throwing open the warehouses where food and other necessaries were stored; by expropriating and getting possession of the national treasury; by organizing production and distribution in cooperative leagues of the people—instead of all these absolutely vital measures, an election was ordered, which carried into power a number of politicians and weak compromisers, who would have remained quite insignificant if the revolution had been energetically carried to its logical conclusion. Such social measures would have inspired the people with confidence and courage; the rebellious proletariat would have realized that this time they were not to sacrifice their lives and shed their blood in vain; that it was not to be a mere change of political constellations, but that it was in all truth a real Social Revolution.

These mistakes of the Paris Commune were fatal. But from them the revolution of the future, which is so fast gathering strength in Europe and America, will learn a valuable lesson.

This brief review of the revolutions of the past justifies the hope that the coming Social Revolution will not content itself with superficialities: its first aim will be to secure bread for the people, and to deprive the State, Capital, and Private Property of the material means of existence.

* * *

THE leaders of the Garment Workers' Strike in New York seem to have taken the great military generals for their model. After the workers had heroically fought their long fight with the bosses, scabs, police, and the courts—a fight involving much privation for the strikers, numerous arrests, brutalities, and prison sentences—their leaders arose in their might and formed a

"peace" treaty with the manufacturers—over the heads of the strikers. They covered themselves with the laurels of victory, loudly mouthed about "great triumph," while their treacherous settlement secured nothing for the workers but sham concessions. The "victory" consisted chiefly in the proviso that the main demands of the strikers should be turned over to an arbitration committee, composed of outsiders, priests, rabbis, and similar ilk. Full well the workers know the rôle of the arbitration fakes, the industrial cemetery where the demands and grievances of labor are quickly buried.

This disgraceful retreat was especially manipulated by Abe Cahan, editor of the Jewish Socialist daily, the *Forward,* aided by the official leaders of the strike, almost all prominent Socialists. "Garment Workers," they vociferated, "you are brave and heroic. Your brother workers throughout the land look with admiration upon your determination and courage. But heroism alone is not enough. Under the circumstances it is best for you to accept the terms as the most favorable that you can secure now. Therefore, return to work."

Thus ran the hypocritical cant. Impotence was represented and glorified as strength. But the diplomats strove in vain. The workers rebelled and demonstrated against their treacherous leaders; they justly felt themselves betrayed, and were even on the point of lynching some of them. It would, perhaps, have gone hard with the *Forward* and its representatives, had they not sent in a hurried call for police protection.

A new strike movement has begun, which—it is earnestly to be hoped—will not end as disgracefully as the former. The workers will have to learn that they themselves must lead their struggles, and that the diplomats, politicans, and rabbis are not only superfluous in the labor movement, but that they are a most detrimental factor.

* * *

OF the twelve Italian coal handlers tried at Hackensack, N. J., for the alleged killing of a railroad detective, five were condemned to brutal prison terms, two being doomed to 15-30 years, two others to 10-30, and the fifth to 8-30 years in the penitentiary.

The trial was brief, for the defendants had neither

money nor influence. For this reason it was obvious from the very beginning that the accused workers had no chance whatever to present their case in a more or less favorable to them light. Only money and influence makes a good impression upon the justice of to-day.

In the Italian Chamber of Deputies a member severely attacked the railroading of the five coal workers to prison. The Secretary of Foreign Affairs declined to discuss the subject, on the ground that "Italy is on friendly terms with the United States"!

Surely, plutocracy and governmental tyranny always make common cause internationally, when it is a question of terrorizing rebellious workers and keeping labor in subjection. But the time is coming when the solidarity of reaction will have to face the determined conscious solidarity of international labor.

* * *

IT would require long pages even merely to mention the numerous places and cities in the United States where there are taking place at present various struggles between labor and the hirelings of organized capital. In the coal district of West Virginia the plutocracy has even proclaimed martial law to drown the strike in blood, for the civil authorities are evidently not sufficiently drastic and murderously effective to suit the will of the mine owners. The prisons are filled with workers, among them the brave old fighter Mother Jones, all of whom are facing numerous charges of murder.

Murderers charge the workers with murder, and use the law for the purpose. Since many months the lords of capital have been slaughtering the miners of West Virginia, attackng their women, driving families from their homes, and hunting whole settlements into the mountain wilderness. The situation is daily approaching nearer to the point where the workers will have to rebel, whether they want it or not.

* * *

THE wise solons of Pennsylvania have taken much trouble legally to suppress the red flag, as a symbol of Anarchy.

They missed the mark. If misery and desperation will continue to grow as fast as they have in recent

years, the coming storm, that may wipe the Pennsylvania and other legislatures off the earth, will flutter to the breeze the *black* flag.

* * *

PATERSON, the silk weaving centre of New Jersey, has again become the arena of police terror and stupidity that repeats itself there every time when the workers declare a strike. Then Police Chief Bimson feels that the good name of his city is endangered, and that the masters look at him askance because he has failed, in spite of all his slavish obedience, to ukase strikes out of existence from this country, or at least from Paterson.

The fellow has now run amuck with his gang of uniformed thugs. He is trying his best to convince the manufacturers that he really deserves the honor of serving as their watchdog. He causes peaceful meetings to be broken up, the audiences brutally assaulted, the speakers and organizers thrown into jail, the pickets maliciously attacked and persecuted, and then proclaims, "Look at all my best efforts to restore the good name of Paterson, whom the outside agitators seek to bring into disgrace!"

Paterson is indeed in disgrace—the shame that it is possible for such a brutal and ignorant man as Bimson to be in a position of importance instead of being driven from his post and city. But the stupid persecution of the strikers has not failed to do good in so far as it has served to unite all the employees of the silk weaving industry in Paterson, and to solidify their ranks in the determined struggle against the common enemy.

* * *

WHAT has so far transpired in connection with the new upheaval in Mexico bears all the earmarks of a treacherous military uprising rather than of a popular revolution. Generals, grafters, pretenders—adventurers eager for spoils, men without the least vestige of social purpose—have made an attempt to grasp the Presidency. They are straining every fiber to evict each other with the aid of their respective armies, to the very limit of the hereafter, to whose bourne they have already dispatched Madero in advance. Between them stand the Mexican people, serving as the target for all the warring camps,

the duped target drunk with patriotic phrases which are even cheaper than powder.

The United States government is apparently inclined to favor that despot as the fittest ruler of Mexico who will most drastically establish peace with an iron hand in that country. Washington holds that General Huerta must be given time and opportunity to bring order out of the Mexican chaos. Verily a most fitting man—did he not initiate his career as President with treachery and murder? The Federal government echoes the opinion of Ambassador Wilson, the sponsor of Huerta. What if the latter has conspired for the overthrow of "an established government, with which this country is in friendly relations?" Huerta is enthusiastically supported by the American "interests," eager for greater concessions than they were able to secure from the Madero régime. This financial species, whose loyal representative in Mexico is Ambassador Wilson, will favor for the Presidency of that country the most successful wholesale murderer who will offer them the greatest opportunity for unlimited exploitation.

But the real revolutionists of Mexico will not be deluded by any political chicanery and change. They will continue their brave and determined struggle for the social and economic emancipation of the oppressed people of Mexico, whatever the hue of the chameleon of State.

* * *

ONE of the first official acts of President Wilson was to congratulate the Tsar upon the tercentenary of the Romanov family as the beneficent rulers of all the Russias. Quite appropriately. The Chief of the plutocratic Cossacks extends the hand of brotherhood across the sea to the Chief of the royal Cossacks.

In connection with the tercentenary some radical and revolutionary papers expressed the hope that an amnesty for political prisoners would be issued, and that, among others, the beloved old *Babushka* ("little grandmother") would be returned from exile. Exhausted and ill, she drags out her last days in the misery of a Siberian exile's existence.

The reports of the amnesty so far do not justify the expectations. The Tsar seems to have ordered the lib-

eration only of those prisoners who were convicted for offences committed as officials in the government service. There is no indication that the amnesty is to include important revolutionists—prisoners.

It would be too optimistic to expect a real act of justice and humanity from the royal monster whose hands are red with the blood of the innocents slaughtered wholesale on Bloody Sunday.

* * *

IN MEMORIAM OF JOHN MOST

By STEPHEN DANIELS.

THE name of John Most is familiar throughout the country. But of the man himself, of his personality, ideas and struggles there persists the most false and grotesque conception. The very mention of the name pictures to the average citizen the incarnation of "Criminal Anarchy," and conjures up to the philistine imagination a dangerous conspirator against God, kings, presidents, capitalists—a man in compact with the devil of dynamite and nitroglycerine, an evil-doer that taxed all the watchfulness and power of the American government to keep him within the bounds of law and order. Did not, indeed, a great daily write during the last presidential campaign that "Most was the most dangerous character that ever ran amuck in this country," adding that Roosevelt, however, was even still more dangerous—a comparison, by the way, that does too much honor to Roosevelt.

That Most was regarded in this light was due to the fact that he was the first vigorous pioneer of Anarchist Communism in America. As such it was inevitable that he should become the target for all the vicious and malicious attacks on the part of those who stand for organized government, whose name is violence. It is hard to walk in untrodden paths. The pioneer must be prepared for the worst. He may devote all his energy, consecrate his whole life, to blaze a new path for civilization. He will generally receive recognition only after he has ceased to be.

At the time when Most came to America (in the fall of 1882) this country was more of a wilderness for the propagation of his ideas and ideals than it is to-day.

Then the futility and barrenness of our political liberties as a means toward the necessary reconstruction of the social and economic life was not apparent in the degree that it is now. Almost absolute was the faith in the miraculous power of "free competition," which to-day the great majority realize to have become a plaything in the hands of the monopolists of the money and other trusts. The legend that in this country every industrious and able man could secure a comfortable existence, was then firmly believed; the assertion that here, no less than in other capitalist countries, there are exploited and oppressed classes, was in spite of all visible misery met with a smile of derision. Social questions, a militant labor movement, the proletariat and the social revolution might find justification for their existence in the benighted countries of Europe, it was popularly argued; here they could be treated only as empty phrases mouthed by the dissatisfied, restless and incompetent foreign elements.

This air of superiority America has gradually been forced to abandon. The social question is now as vital and burning in this republic as in Europe. It is beginning to be realized by ever growing numbers that a country, whose chief products are multi-millionaires and paupers, political corruption and economic misery, is not to be glorified as the best and most ideal society in the world.

As the pëtrel of the Social Revolution, Most had already gained considerable experience before he arrived in this country to continue the publication of the *Freiheit* ("Freedom"). The existence of the paper had become impossible in England, through the persecution of the British authorities, behind whom was the Russian and German diplomatic influence to suppress Most. An article concerning the execution of Alexander II., in March, 1881, brought Most a sentence of sixteen months at hard labor. The two compositors of the *Freiheit,* both comrades, were also subsequently arrested and held for court. British freedom of the press proved as empty a boast as that of Germany and Austria, in which countries Most was repeatedly sent to prison for articles published in Social Democratic papers. But the English prison was even more severe and brutal.

Most left Germany for England in consequence of the Bismarckian anti-Socialist laws. He was of the opinion that the party should refuse to submit to the law that muzzled all free expression, holding that a more consequent and energetic propaganda could be carried on from abroad than in Germany itself, where Draconian police regulations suppressed every Social Democratic publication and dissolved every Socialist meeting.

This attitude brought our comrade in conflict with the leaders of the German Social Democratic party, who considered it more "practical" to adapt themselves to the Bismarck law. This diplomacy indeed contributed much toward making Socialism in Germany what it is to-day: compromising, bureaucratic, and sterilly State Socialistic.

To these disappointments which Most suffered in the German Social Democratic party was added his experience as a member of the Reichstag. There he saw machinery of parlamentarism at work, with all the trickery of law-making. He realized the uselessness of parlamentarism as a means of emancipating the proletariat, and it required only his acquaintance with the ideas of Bakunin, Réclus, and Kropotkin to awaken him to Anarchism, towards which his vigorous revolutionary spirit naturally leaned.

Most surely did not come to America expecting to find an Eldorado; yet with a certain affection for a land of republicanism. The traditions of the exiles of '48 were not yet dead, many of whom had found a refuge in America. But men and times had changed. A Carl Schurz could succeed in climbing the political ladder almost to its very top. But Most had brought with him a social ideal that no government and no political party, but only a liberty-loving, revolutionary people could realize. That was the great difference which resulted in the one being sent to prison, while the other was crowned with political laurels.

Most was an extremely powerful and effective popular speaker; as a writer he possessed great originality and a Rabellaisian wit that never failed to hit the mark. Unique and highly entertaining in personal contact, he won many friends. Nevertheless, he had laboriously to

hoc his path, because his character was of the kind that can not adapt itself to the mechanical spirit of a centralized party machinery.

Similarly to the leaders of the German Social Democratic party who antagonized Most because of his strong and original personality, the foremost circles of the German Socialists in America hastened to excommunicate him. His path was therefore a thorny one, full of struggle and difficulties. He had constantly to fight against public opinion that was incited against him by the denunciation and misrepresentation of the hostile capitalist press, and soon the police made it a sort of specialty of arresting Most on every possible occasion and haling him to court. Newspaper reporters and journalists, whose ability as translators was more than doubtful, were in the habit of placing in his mouth the most ridiculous expressions, for which he was in all seriousness held responsible by the stupidity of the public and the courts. He was villified, persecuted, and thrown into prison on general principles, so to speak, because he was the Anarchist Most.

To illustrate to the "native Americans" the nature and stupidity of that persecution, we shall recite a couple of incidents.

In a village of Long Island there had been arranged a picnic by the local German workers, on which occasion Most was an invited guest. The presence of the dangerous man aroused the authorities, who fortwith prepared to save the country. The police descended upon the assembly of picnicers, attacked them in a most brutal manner, and arrested a number of the participants, foremost among them Most. At the station the Chief gathered his police and detectives, making a speech to them, in which Most was characterized as the lowest dregs of hell, the Chief concluding with the order, "Whenever you happen to catch sight of this man in this district, arrest him at once and bring him to me." On another occasion Most, arriving in St. Louis to keep a lecture engagement, was pounced upon by the police and arrested without explanation or warrant, and forcibly taken to the Illinois border.

It is conceivable that the frequent sojourn in police stations, jails and prisons, did not serve to increase our comrade's love and respect for the Republic and its in-

stitutions. That these persecutions, instead of being perpetrated in the name of the Kaiser or Koenig, as in Germany or Austria, were in America masked with the "sovereignty of the people," served only to accentuate the hypocrisy of the American system of suppression and tyranny.

Notwithstanding all these miserable conditions, sharpened by poverty and need, Most bravely held aloft the banner of Anarchy, to the very end. He died at the age of 60, on March 17th, 1906, in Cincinnati, while on a lecture tour. His memory in the international revolutionary movement, in the great struggle for social justice and liberty, will remain green when the last trace of his petty and vicious persecutors has long been lost.

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AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

By Hallett Abend.

"THY will be done," we say, and bow our heads
In meek submission to Thy laws, Oh God,
But as the long years pass we suffer much.
Renunciation palls, until at last,
Although our lips still say, "Thy will be done,"
In our secret hearts we plan revolt,
And seize at last upon some furtive joy
With which to brighten our sunless lives,—
Illumined only by Thy altar fires.

Dear God, forgive! Thy creatures are so made
That they crave ever light and joyousness.
Indeed, indeed we know not if the laws
The priests propound are laws of Thine at all.
Is it Thy will that half Thy creatures starve,
Starve heart and soul, ascetic to the end?

Born with capacity for happiness
We crave so many things Thy priests deny.
Yet, if the laws they teach us veil Thy will,
And if transgression means but lasting doom,
Take not away these burnings of desire,
This glad, exultant urge to life and love,
But rather let us keep them till the end
That splendidly we may transgress Thy laws
Which surely are not just if they deny
The right to love our lives,—to live our loves.

THE TROUBLES OF SOCIALIST POLITICIANS

By M. B.

IF it were not for the Syndicalists and Anarchists, the politicians of the Social Democracy would be happy folk. They could gloat undisturbed over the fractional increase of Socialist votes and they would have the required equanimity of soul to undertake the much-needed revision of the materialist conception of history, so that it could be made to apply to all emergency cases. They would also have time to direct evolution, so that it should not fail to follow the lines laid down for it by the party Executive. They would even have leisure to prepare a few hundred rigorous regulations and laws for the great moment when after the second or third deluge, they shall have a sufficient majority in Congress to usher in the Socialist State. There would be no one to disturb them when they declare their party—whose leaders are chiefly lawyers, editors, and cockroach bosses—to be the only real class-conscious proletarian party. It would all be nice and smooth sailing—according to programme—if the bad Syndicalists and Anarchists could only be persuaded to hand the labor movement over—bound hand and foot—to the Social Democracy, as its sole copyrighted and patented monopoly.

But the Syndicalists and Anarchists are a stubborn lot. They even presume to become bolder every day, deluding ever greater masses of labor with new inspiration and energy. They are inculcating the proletariat with a mission that fills the workers with fire and purpose, and makes life worth while. They point toward the horizon where there is appearing the vision of a brighter day, the Dawn of Anarchist Communism, and this goal is inspiring the agitation for direct action, Sabotage, and the General Strike.

Wherever *these* appear in the arena of the great struggle, the "representatives of labor" in the halls of legislation lose their inflated importance—to the great anguish of the Socialist politicians, for their whole scheme is based upon the claim of *representing* labor. These representatives—be they a Socialist sheriff, alderman, or mayor—soon make it quite clear that their oath of office demands faithful service to the State, and that they are

determined to exert their best efforts to improve the bureaucratic administration, and to do their duty, even far more loyally and honestly than their bourgeois predecessors, as the legally elected officials of a system whose only purpose is to perpetuate capitalism and wage slavery.

This is the situation. The Social Democrats will soon be at the end of the blind alley into which "political success" has lured them. But far from placing the blame where it belongs, they lay it at the door of the Syndicalists and Anarchists, who are causing so much mischief in the labor movement. These they attack with the jesuitic methods of Marx, Engels, Hyndman and Plechanov, and curse them after the good precept of the infallible Pope with his bulls against the heretics.

At present one of the Socialist crusaders, Robert Hunter, has entered the lists and drawn his pen against the disturbers, determined to vanquish and annihiliate them, root, branch, and all.

Some of his articles are very readable, indeed, since they incorporate long quotations from Syndicalist and Anarchist thinkers. They have been selected by Hunter to demonstrate the close affinity between Syndicalism and Anarchism, and they really give an air of living vitality to the series.

Hunter labored hard to adduce this proof of relationship between the philosophies of Syndicalism and Anarchism. Can there be a stronger condemnation of Syndicalism than to prove its kinship with Anarchism, in view of the ignorant popular prejudice against and misconceptions of Anarchism?

But the Hunter gentlemen may be mistaken. The time is here when the philistine fear of Anarchism is beginning to be dissipated among the ranks of labor and soon it will be more generally realized that it was always Anarchism that gave the greatest impetus to the international labor movement, that kept it young and energetic, thus saving it from sinking into the mire of parliamentary cretinism. Not the Social Democratic politicians, but the Anarchists and Syndicalists have ever kept burning the fire of true Socialism—i. e., Communism.

Marx and his clique succeeded at one time to mis-

represent Bakunin and his comrades. The political Socialists have always been past masters at this sort of propaganda. But after almost two generations of political rope-dancing, the labor movement is beginning, on a scale larger than ever before, to pick up again the thread of those ideas which had been propagated by the Anarchist-Syndicalist wing of the old *Internationale*. The years that passed since then and the experience learned have clearly proved that the degeneration of true Socialism into political schemes has caused deep wounds to the international labor movement, which it is the highest time to begin to heal.

Hunter says that the Anarchists falsely understand by political activity mere voting and office seeking. Political activity means much more, he claims. But, unfortunately, his articles fail to point out the "much more," and it remains a mystery. The Anarchists can substantiate their assertion that political activity means nothing more than vote gathering by proving that the Socialist parties of every country have always persecuted and excommunicated all those whose conception of political activity transcended mere voting and office getting. The Social Democracy has everywhere "developed" and become "purified" by driving the revolutionary elements from its ranks and ever welcoming the reformists, busybodies and politicians *sans phrase*.

Tearfully Hunter complains that in America also we could have a Social Democratic movement of the wonderful proportions of Germany, were it not for the activity of that bad man, John Most, who destroyed the promising beginnings with his Anarchist-Syndicalist propaganda. This reference of Hunter directly bears upon Haywood, for the purpose of creating the impression that Haywood, as dangerous a character as Most, might prove the rock upon which Socialist politics would be wrecked, if he is not speedily thrown out of the party—which has since come to pass, Haywood being voted out of the National Executive Committee by a two-third majority. If it be true that Most succeeded in preventing the establishment in this country of a Socialist Vatican similar to that of Germany, it would be immensely to his credit. For it is due mainly to the Social Democratic party of Germany that Socialism has degen-

erated to the point where nothing but politicians can find a welcome in it. Its deadening discipline, its dogmas, intolerance, and machine politics have exalted the political office seekers in every country where German Socialism has been taken as a model. The more thoroughly the international labor movement frees itself from the influence of the German Social Democracy, the sooner it will grow to manhood and come into its own.

In this sense our Comrade Most had fought against the paralyzing influence of the German Social Democracy. But Hunter does not give Most's position in the true light. To carry his point, to emphasize the danger of harboring Syndicalist elements in the Socialist party, Hunter creates the impression that Most propagated his subversive ideas in America within the Social Democratic circles. That is false. Already in London Most was *persona non grata* with the Social Democratic party. The Marxian bishops on both sides of the Atlantic had put him under the ban, long before he came into American exile. Moreover, his logical development to Anarchism had entirely alienated our Comrade from the party.

In his articles Hunter naturally tries very hard to prove the Anarchists and Syndicalists to be hopeless impossibilists; yet evidently without much satisfaction to himself. He expresses the fear that, all odds notwithstanding, they have a future in the labor movement, and that the solemn exorcism of the Social Democratic statesmen is powerless to suppress them. In one place he says, "It is perhaps inevitable that the views of the Anarchists should gain a larger and larger following. Political action is slow, and many of the younger, the more petulant and impulsive, are impatient."

Political action is not only slow; it leads nowhere save into the swamp of barrenness, disappointment, and futility. It is worse than slow; it is rotten. It is a most encouraging sign that the young generation is beginning to lose patience with it.

❦ ❦ ❦

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

VICTIMS OF MORALITY

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

NOT so very long ago I attended a meeting addressed by Anthony Comstock, who has for forty years been the guardian of American morals. A more incoherent, ignorant ramble I have never heard from any platform.

The question that presented itself to me, listening to the commonplace, bigotted talk of the man, was, How could anyone so limited and unintelligent wield the power of censor and dictator over a supposedly democratic nation? True, Comstock has the law to back him. Forty years ago, when Puritanism was even more rampant than to-day, completely shutting out the light of reason and progress, Comstock succeeded, through shady machination and political wire pulling, to introduce a bill which gave him complete control over the Post Office Department—a control which has proved disastrous to the freedom of the press, as well as the right of privacy of the American citizen.

Since then, Comstock has broken into the private chambers of people, has confiscated personal correspondence, as well as works of art, and has established a system of espionage and graft which would put Russia to shame. Yet the law does not explain the power of Anthony Comstock. There is something else, more terrible than the law. It is the narrow puritanic spirit, as represented in the sterile minds of the Young-Men-and-Old-Maid's Christian Union, Temperance Union, Sabbath Union, Purity League, etc. A spirit which is absolutely blind to the simplest manifestations of life; hence stands for stagnation and decay. As in antibellum days, these old fossils lament the terrible immorality of our time. Science, art, literature, the drama, are at the mercy of bigotted censorship and legal procedure, with the result that America, with all her boastful claims to progress and liberty is still steeped in the densest provincialism.

The smallest dominion in Europe can boast of an art free from the fetters of morality, an art that has the courage to portray the great social problems of our time.

With the sharp edge of critical analysis, it cuts into every social ulcer, every wrong, demanding fundamental changes and the transvaluation of accepted values. Satire, wit, humor, as well as the most intensely serious modes of expression, are being employed to lay bare our conventional social and moral lies. In America we would seek in vain for such a medium, since even the attempt at it is made impossible by the rigid régime, by the moral dictator and his clique.

The nearest approach, however, are our muckrakers, who have no doubt rendered great service along economic and social lines. Whether the muckrakers have or have not helped to change conditions, at least they have torn the mask from the lying face of our smug and self-satisfied society.

Unfortunately, the Lie of Morality still stalks about in fine feathers, since no one dares to come within hailing distance of that holy of holies. Yet it is safe to say that no other superstition is so detrimental to growth, so enervating and paralyzing to the minds and hearts of the people, as the superstition of Morality.

The most pathetic, and in a way discouraging, aspect of the situation is a certain element of liberals, and even of radicals, men and women apparently free from religious and social spooks. But before the monster of Morality they are as prostrate as the most pious of their kind—which is an additional proof to the extent to which the morality worm has eaten into the system of its victims and how far-going and thorough the measures must be which are to drive it out again.

Needless to say, society is obsessed by more than one morality. Indeed, every institution of to-day has its own moral standard. Nor could they ever have maintained themselves, were it not for religion, which acts as a shield, and for morality, which acts as the mask. This explains the interest of the exploiting rich in religion and morality. The rich preach, foster, and finance both, as an investment that pays good returns. Through the medium of religion they have paralyzed the mind of the people, just as morality has enslaved the spirit. In other words, religion and morality are a much better whip to keep people in submission, than even the club and the gun.

To illustrate: The Property Morality declares that that institution is sacred. Woe to anyone that dares to question the sanctity of property, or sins against it! Yet everyone knows that Property is robbery; that it represents the accumulated efforts of millions, who themselves are propertyless. And what is more terrible, the more poverty stricken the victim of Property Morality is, the greater his respect and awe for that master. Thus we hear advanced people, even so-called class-conscious workingmen, decry as immoral such methods as sabotage and direct action, because they aim at Property.

Verily, if the victims themselves are so blinded by the Property Morality, what need one expect from the masters? It therefore seems high time to bring home the fact that until the workers will lose respect for the instrument of their material enslavement, they need hope for no relief.

* * *

However, it is with the effect of Morality upon women that I am here mostly concerned. So disastrous, so paralyzing has this effect been, that some even of the most advanced among my sisters never thoroughly outgrow it.

It is Morality which condemns woman to the position of a celibate, a prostitute, or a reckless, incessant breeder of hapless children.

First, as to the celibate, the famished and withered human plant. When still a young, beautiful flower, she falls in love with a respectable young man. But Morality decrees that unless he can marry the girl, she must never know the raptures of love, the ecstasy of passion, which reaches its culminating expression in the sex embrace. The respectable young man is willing to marry, but the Property Morality, the Family and Social Moralities decree that he must first make his pile, must save up enough to establish a home and be able to provide for a family. The young people must wait, often many long, weary years.

Meanwhile the respectable young man, excited through the daily association and contact with his sweetheart, seeks an outlet for his nature in return for money. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he will be infected, and when he is materially able to marry, he will infect

his wife and possible offspring. And the young flower, with every fiber aglow with the fire of life, with all her being crying out for love and passion? She has no outlet. She developes headaches, insomnia, hysteria; grows embittered, quarrelsome, and soon becomes a faded, withered, joyless being, a nuisance to herself and everyone else. No wonder Stirner preferred the grisette to the maiden grown gray with virtue.

There is nothing more pathetic, nothing more terrible, than this gray-grown victim of a gray-grown Morality. This applies even with greater force to the masses of professional middle-class girls, than to those of the people. Through economic necessity the latter are thrust into life's jungle at an early age; they grow up with their male companions in the factory and shop, or at play and dance. The result is a more normal expression of their physical instincts. Then too, the young men and women of the people are not so hide-bound by externalities, and often follow the call of love and passion regardless of ceremony and tradition.

But the overwrought and oversexed middle class girl, hedged in her narrow confines with family and social traditions, guarded by a thousand eyes, afraid of her own shadow—the yearning of her inmost being for the man or the child, must turn to cats, dogs, canary birds, or the Bible Class. Such is the cruel dictum of Morality, which is daily shutting out love, light, and joy from the lives of innumerable victims.

Now, as to the prostitute. In spite of laws, ordinances, persecution, and prisons; in spite of segregation, registration, vice crusades, and other similar devices, the prostitute is the real specter of our age. She sweeps across the plains like a fire burning into every nook of life, devastating, destroying.

After all, she is paying back, in a very small measure, the curse and horrors society has strewn in her path. She, weary with the tramp of ages, harassed and driven from pillar to post, at the mercy of all, is yet the Nemesis of modern times, the avenging angel, ruthlessly wielding the sword of fire. For has she not the man in her power? And, through him, the home, the child, the race. Thus she slays, and is herself the most brutally slain.

What has made her? Whence does she come? Morality, the morality which is merciless in its attitude to women. Once she dared to be herself, to be true to her nature, to life, there is no return: the woman is thrust out from the pale and protection of society. The prostitute becomes the victim of Morality, even as the withered old maid is its victim. But the prostitute is victimized by still other forces, foremost among them the Property Morality, which compels woman to sell herself as a sex commodity for a dollar per, out of wedlock, or for fifteen dollars a week, in the sacred fold of matrimony. The latter is no doubt safer, more respected, more recognized, but of the two forms of prostitution the girl of the street is the least hypocritical, the least debased, since her trade lacks the pious mask of hypocrisy; and yet she is hounded, fleeced, outraged, and shunned, by the very powers that have made her: the financier, the priest, the moralist, the judge, the jailor, and the detective, not to forget her sheltered, respectably virtuous sister, who is the most relentless and brutal in her persecution of the prostitute.

Morality and its victim, the mother—what a terrible picture! Is there indeed anything more terrible, more criminal, than our glorified sacred function of motherhood? The woman, physically and mentally unfit to be a mother, yet condemned to breed; the woman, economically taxed to the very last spark of energy, yet forced to breed; the woman, tied to a man she loathes, whose very sight fills her with horror, yet made to breed; the woman, worn and used-up from the process of procreation, yet coerced to breed, more, ever more. What a hideous thing, this much-lauded motherhood! No wonder thousands of women risk mutilation, and prefer even death to this curse of the cruel imposition of the spook of Morality. Five thousand are yearly sacrificed upon the altar of this monster, that will not stand for prevention but would cure abortions. Five thousand soldiers in the battle for their physical and spiritual freedom, and as many thousands more who are crippled and mutilated rather than bring forth life in a society based on decay and destruction.

Is it because the modern woman wants to shirk responsibility, or that she lacks love for her offspring, that

drives her to the most drastic and dangerous means to avoid bearing children? Only shallow, bigoted minds can bring such an accusation. Else they would know that the modern woman has become race conscious, sensitive to the needs and rights of the child, as the unit of the race, and that therefore the modern woman has a sense of responsibility and humanity, which was quite foreign to her grandmother.

With the economic war raging all around her, with strife, misery, crime, disease, and insanity staring her in the face, with numberless little children ground into gold dust, how can the self and race-conscious woman become a mother? Morality can not answer this question. It can only dictate, coerce, or condemn—and how many women are strong enough to face this condemnation, to defy the moral dicta? Few, indeed. Hence they fill the factories, the reformatories, the homes for feeble minded, the prisons, the insane asylums, or they die in the attempt to prevent child-birth. Oh, Motherhood, what crimes are committed in thy name! What hosts are laid at your feet, Morality, destroyer of life!

Fortunately, the Dawn is emerging from the chaos and darkness. Woman is awakening, she is throwing off the nightmare of Morality; she will no longer be bound. In her love for the man she is not concerned in the contents of his pocketbook, but in the wealth of his nature, which alone is the fountain of life and of joy. Nor does she need the sanction of the State. Her love is sanction enough for her. Thus she can abandon herself to the man of her choice, as the flowers abandon themselves to dew and light, in freedom, beauty, and ecstasy.

Through her re-born consciousness as a unit, a personality, a race builder, she will become a mother only if she desires the child, and if she can give to the child, even before its birth, all that her nature and intellect can yield: harmony, health, comfort, beauty, and, above all, understanding, reverence, and love, which is the only fertile soil for new life, a new being.

Morality has no terrors for her who has risen beyond good and evil. And though Morality may continue to devour its victims, it is utterly powerless in the face of the modern spirit, that shines in all its glory upon the brow of man and woman, liberated and unafraid.

DIALOGUE IN HEAVEN

By HARRY KEMP

Persons { A Christian. / An Angel.

Christian: Well, I've seen the sights . . . Now lead me to heaven itself . . . I feel out of place here . . . This place is full of Jews . . . Who is that gray-bearded Jew over there?

Angel: Why, that's Moses!

Christian: (Surprised) Well . . . I suppose I ought to be respectful . . . If it's Moses! . . . But who is that long, thin Jew with a cadaverous face?

Angel: That's John the Baptist.

Christian: Interesting! . . . But who is that weazened, little, deformed Jew with the piercing eyes?

Angel: That's Saint Paul. . .

Christian: Indeed! . . . But look, who is yon pale-faced Jew sitting by the Old Man?

Angel: Hush! . . . That is He who saved you!

Christian: (Dumbfounded) My Saviour?

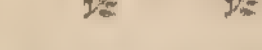
Angel: (Reverently) Yes, it is He!

Christian: (Stammering) But—but—but—the Old Man—who is He?

Angel: Sh-h-h! You must speak more reverently! . . . That is God!

Christian; (Frightened) Then this must be heaven!

Angel: Yes, of course! . . . But it's no place for an Anti-Semite!



ANARCHY—Absence of government; disbelief in, and disregard of, invasion and authority based on coercion and force; a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement instead of government.

DIRECT ACTION—Conscious individual or collective effort to protest against, or remedy, social conditions through the systematic assertion of the economic power of the workers.

ANARCHIST ACTIVITY

I REMEMBER the time when it was most dangerous to proclaim oneself an Anarchist in this country. The "native sovereign" was then ready to fall upon the heretic like a starved pack of wolves upon a solitary lamb. But times have changed. The Anarchists are still the same heretics, propagating the very same ideas they preached twenty-five to thirty years ago. But what a difference! Not that the attitude of the government has changed. The Anarchists are persecuted and suppressed as of yore. But not by the people. These have considerably revised their preconceived notions in regard to Anarchism and Anarchists, and tempered deep-rooted prejudice with the spirit of inquiry.

True, the popular attitude is still one of misconception and misunderstanding. But the fangs of bitter hatred and blind villification have been drawn. Even the bourgeois press does not dare to assume toward Anarchism the tone of twenty-five years ago—it feels the changed beat of the public pulse.

To what extent the attitude of the more intelligent elements has changed has been strikingly illustrated by the recent lecture course of Emma Goldman in New York City. The interest manifested in these lectures by men and women from every walk of life may truly be said to have been remarkable. Without the machinery of a party to back our comrade, without a daily or even a weekly paper to call her lectures to the attention of the public, she succeeded, with the aid of the small MOTHER EARTH group, in gathering large audiences and building up a greater attendance than any other speaker in New York can command. In spite of the lectures failing to receive any notice in the bourgeois press, notwithstanding even the refusal of the Socialist *Call* to accept advertisements of the meetings—relying solely upon our own announcements and the interest the subjects treated held for the public, we succeeded in making the lecture course a most unqualified success in every sense. Comrade Goldman began her lectures in New York on October 6th, and for over four months, speaking twice every Sunday and delivering several lectures during the week, Emma Goldman enjoyed most enthusi-

astic audiences. The subjects embraced every phase of life—social, political, economic, educational, literary and dramatic—dealing with Direct Action in the labor struggle and Direct Expression in art—the audiences including the worker, the student, the artist, the professional man and woman, and demonstrating to what extent Anarchist ideas are permeating all classes of society.

Indeed, the interest aroused by these lectures far exceeded the expectations even of our most sanguine friends. The original course on questions relating to the labor movement—the lectures on Syndicalism, Direct Action, the General Strike, etc.—had to be extended, later to be followed by a series of talks on the educational and social value of the Modern Drama, in its twofold rôle as the inspiration and reflex of the revolutionary spirit of the times. And, by the way, thereby hangs a tale that will interest our readers. A new experiment was planned in connection with the drama course. In order to make the lectures accessible to all, the MOTHER EARTH group decided to have free meetings, the expenses of the rent, etc., to be covered by voluntary contributions or collections. We rejoiced in thus being able to emancipate the meetings from the always unpleasant commercial side of paid admission, and hoped that our audiences would welcome the innovation. Unfortunately, the experiment did not prove a success. After a number of free meetings it became evident that the audiences did not care for the change, and we were forced—much against our wishes—to return to the necessity of charging admission. On the other hand, the gatherings responded most generously to appeals for funds needed in the various labor struggles, such as the Aldamas Defence, the Little Falls Strike, the Garment Strike, etc., for which purposes collections were made at practically every lecture.

Never before has the interest in the philosophy of Anarchism been manifested as strikingly as on the occasion of these lectures. Indeed, the audiences very emphatically expressed their disappointment at the announcement that the course would close on February 16th, to enable Comrade Goldman to begin her annual pilgrimage across the country. Much as her friends regretted her departure, Emma Goldman re-

gretted it even more, having become very much attached to her audiences and realizing the value of those gatherings. But she heard the call of the wild—she felt she was needed elsewhere even more than in New York.

To keep together the audiences gathered by the lectures of Comrade Goldman, and to continue the thus established Anarchist platform, a number of comrades organized the ANARCHIST FORUM, where all those interested in Anarchism may meet, exchange ideas and aid in spreading the gospel of the Better Day. The ANARCHIST FORUM will, in a certain sense, radically differ from the ordinary lecture platform. Its unique feature consists in that it will not offer the usual programme of a set lecture. The FORUM is organized for the purpose of discussing the events of the day—social, economic, political, literary, and artistic—and illumining them from the Anarchist viewpoint. Contemporary life is permeated with Anarchist thought, and the Anarchists, vitally interested in every phase and expression of life, offer the New York public an opportunity to have the important current events interpreted in the light of Anarchist philosophy and their significance illumined, as milestones on the forward march of humanity toward greater social liberty and individual self-ownership.

The first two meetings of the ANARCHIST FORUM have proved very successful, especially in point of the intelligent general discussion, introduced on the first two Sundays of March by Alexander Berkman and Hippolyte Havel, respectively. The opening speakers for the coming meetings will be Harry Kelly, on March 16th, and Leonard D. Abbott, on March 23rd. For Sunday, March 30th, the FORUM announces a Symposium of two men and two women, who will voice their views and sentiments on "What Life Means to Me."

The gatherings of the FORUM take place every Sunday, 8 P. M., at 43 East 22nd Street, New York.

EMMA GOLDMAN'S TOUR

"The best laid plans of mice and men gang oft aglee," but so far as it is possible to figure out at present, the lecture tour of Comrade Emma Goldman will take place as follows:

CHICAGO, at Oakland Music Hall, 40th St. and Cottage Grove Ave.

SUBJECTS:

Sunday, March 16th, 3 P. M.
THE FAILURE OF DEMOCRACY.

Sunday, March 16th, 8 P. M.
"PRISON MEMOIRS OF AN ANARCHIST" (A powerful portrayal of the horrors of prison life, by ALEXANDER BERKMAN).

Monday, March 17th, 8 P. M.
SEX STERILIZATION OF CRIMINALS.

Tuesday, March 18th, 8 P. M.
SYNDICALISM—THE MODERN MENACE TO CAPITALISM.

Thursday, March 20th, 8 P. M.
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ANARCHISM.

Friday, March 21st, 8 P. M.
WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

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MILWAUKEE, Wis., at Freie Gemeinde Hall, 262-264 Fourth St.

Sunday, March 23rd, 3 P. M.
SEX STERILIZATION OF CRIMINALS.

Sunday, March 23rd, 8 P. M.
SYNDICALISM—THE MODERN MENACE TO CAPITALISM.

Monday, March 24th, 8 P. M. (in German).
WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

MADISON, Wis., March 25th and 26th.

DES MOINES, Iowa, March 28th, 29th and 30th.

OMAHA, Neb., at Washington Hall, 18th and Harney Sts.

Tuesday, April 1st, 8 P. M.
SEX STERILIZATION OF CRIMINALS.

Wednesday, April 2nd, 8 P. M.
SYNDICALISM—THE MODERN MENACE TO CAPITALISM.

Thursday, April 3rd, 8 P. M.
WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., at Federation Hall, 102 Washington Ave., South.

Sunday, April 6th, 3 P. M.
THE FAILURE OF DEMOCRACY.

Sunday, April 6th, 8 P. M.
PRISON MEMOIRS OF AN ANARCHIST. (A powerful portrayal of the horrors of prison life, by ALEXANDER BERKMAN.)

Monday, April 7th, 8 P. M.
SEX STERILIZATION OF CRIMINALS.

Tuesday, April 8th, 8 P. M.
SYNDICALISM—THE MODERN MENACE TO CAPITALISM.

Wednesday, April 9th, 8 P. M.
WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., at Commercial Travelers' Hall, 12th and Central.

Sunday, April 13th, 3 P. M.
SEX STERILIZATION OF CRIMINALS.

Sunday, April 13th, 8 P. M.
THE FAILURE OF DEMOCRACY.

Monday, April 14th, 8 P. M.
DAMAGED GOODS. A powerful drama by Brieux dealing with the scourge of venereal disease.

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Tickets on sale and circulars for distribution at the office of Dr. O. B. True, Room 2, 1209 Grand Ave.

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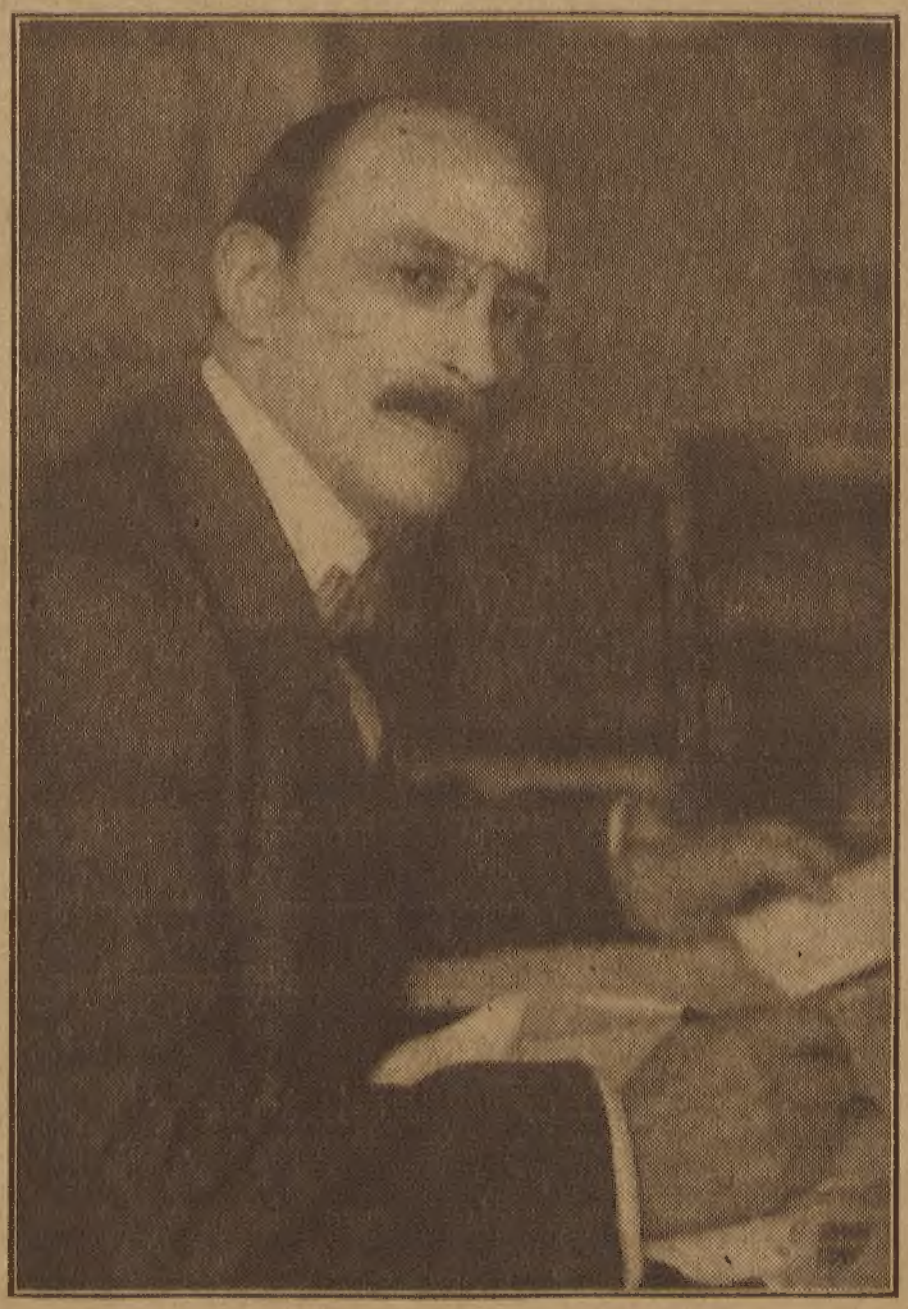

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Not a single phase of the terrible tragedy is absent. There is all the degradation, all the desperate efforts to keep life worth living, including an attempt to escape and the secret publication of a prison paper. There is all the horror of the dark cell, the clubbings, torturing into insanity, the ravages of consumption, overwork at the behest of grafting contractors, farcical investigations and the hideous personal degradations fostered by the prison atmosphere.

These things he saw and lived through them, and has written them down in a book that for generations will be one of the greatest counts in the indictment against our present system of punishing prisoners.—*The Coming Nation.*

This is a book which it might be well for some of the indolently cheerful to read. It might give them some insight into the vast undercurrent of political feeling in this country. It might enable them to understand better some apparent phenomena which they do not understand at all now. . . . No man fully understands the meaning of the complex America of to-day who does not know of the thoughts in this book, militant thoughts because they are so crude, rather than in spite of that fact. Alexander Berkman is only an exaggerated example of the type.—*Charleston (S. C.) News.*

Mr. Berkman, indeed, is a romanticist through and through, and his vivid memoirs, chronicling his boyhood in a Russian village, his entry into America, his thwarted effort to wreak vengeance on a man whom he regarded as an enemy of the people, his years of torment in confinement, his unsuccessful plan to escape from the penitentiary, challenge comparison with Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky and the great writers of his native land.

Frankness of utterance is carried here to its farthest point. No detail of prison conduct or prison psychology is lost on Berkman's mind. He dramatizes, in particular, the abnormality of the prison situation. He shows us what happens when men are separated from women, when sex-instincts are repressed. We realize, in passage after passage, the corruption that falls alike on jailer and jailed when an artificial world of punishment is created.—*Current Literature.*

The book has one great fault which may go far to hurt its effect. True to his tenets, Berkman has excluded nothing from his account. There are things done in prisons which a writer must be content to pass over lightly; many which he must absolutely omit if his book is to be universally read. These things Berkman has told in detail. Nevertheless, one will search far before finding a more powerful picture of what deeds are perpetrated in the name of justice. —*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Berkman's book will open the eyes of all who read to the shame and barbarism of our prison system. His sacrifice was not in vain and armed with the knowledge he brings together, we work to convert our wasteful prisons into hospitals, schools and workshops.—*Justice, Pittsburgh.*